

**INNER  
CURIOSITIES  
OUTSIDE**

POEMS

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**INNER  
CURIOSITIES  
OUTSIDE**

Find the pieces  
That can fill those empty spaces  
Inside of yourself -  
Born missing from you,  
Thought to be forever dead -  
Empty spaces  
Mistaken for something  
Lost outside

Greed-

A search outside

Seeking to replace

An empty space

Inside of yourself

Gluttony-

Instead of looking

Outside

Always look within

To capture

What you think you've lost

Outside of yourself

Envy-

Always wanting to be who they were

And what they could be

You suddenly found yourself

All alone,

Just when you least expected to find out,

That within

You became just like them.

I've lost that loving  
     Feeling of cider  
 Beer, spirits  
     And wine -  
 False love always requites itself  
     In return,  
         A trick of regrets,  
     Hatred,  
         And misery -  
 Even still,  
     I might return back to what I despise  
 The binding of chains to self,  
     Self-less parts bound to the selfish,  
         Now back to illusions of pleasure, oh why must I  
         return?  
         Why must I re-deliver myself back into dead-end  
         prisons?

Only to see if I can escape another self-induced slavery,  
     away from desires I self-employ?  
 Oh how long will it be until I relearn what I always knew, yet again?

A return, back to those re-discoveries of forgotten wisdoms -  
     just like every fool does in trying to rebuke his inner enemy one final  
 time?



Regret  
Hides on the hook  
I bite

Regret  
Hides in the bait  
I digest

Irreversible footprints  
    You can't lift and turn back  
Irreversible misdirections  
    From unholy detours of the senses  
Discoveries -  
    Lost to irreversible choices,  
        Unable to retract abandoned light  
        Back to every haunted shadow,  
Where you left parts of yourself  
    Forever buried in-between broken light  
Ah, such are the sights you never see  
    Dead streams in a flowing river  
    Glowing stars in utter darkness  
    Fallen leaves during the bloom  
Ah, such are the sights you never see  
    Such as those brightest shards of your soul's flicker  
        Before its lamp goes dim - and your spirit is  
        forever  
            blinded by your shadow  
        when your wick is snuffed out...



We can turn back time -  
    Forgiveness  
    Is the only way  
    To let go  
Of every mistake

Joy and Misery  
Are  
Two Reflections  
Of  
Someone  
I used to know

Love and Lust  
Are too crazy  
About each other

Desire, Misery,  
Sex, Control, Crazy -  
    Five of too  
Many things that make  
    Me return back to  
        Bad ideas

Memories in Time  
Will always seem to have never existed  
While you do

Unhappy skin can discover rage  
inside the middle finger



Good and evil  
Only exist  
Inside  
Our hearts

All seek the same peace  
In logic and reason  
Because of one common fault

Angry words are born  
from inner love

Worried mind

Take action -

Run out of money

Something else

Adds up to more

This Gift  
Of purpose and life -  
Always hides more fragile gifts  
Nestled inside -  
A breath, a sight, a gentle touch  
Able to be  
Stolen  
By  
Time.

When we cast the last stone  
 across rough waters, and the last stone finally sinks  
 where the lowest of the lowest  
 can't go any lower

Bottoms dwell before  
 We keep feeling hope  
 Until all of our hurls of heart strike  
 rock bottom - in final backwash- wrinkles upon the under-toe  
 wrapped up ashore  
 desolation before our final glance - deep throttles for flight,  
 fight not to drown,  
 Far away

from

Hope's  
 echo

(This is why we)  
 hear nothing of what our dreams wanted, in the backwash  
 and know nothing about where the answers hid-  
 our eyes always backscattering back, astray in ocean mind, imaginations  
 no longer catching any hints of where - when and why  
 final destinies decide the last  
 breaths  
 within each molding of the rock to  
 life;  
 a form astart in the structure born  
 from the  
 Torn apart,  
 Bones from sand, blood from water; breath anew - ripping ribs,  
 sealed seeds our woman carry-  
 unborn before the soul's windowsill of sun; unsteady  
 shadows  
 Row, row, row ashore - implanted eyes, soaking up reflections  
 renewed,  
 Anew we were and are and never weren't,  
 before rebirth  
 against old sands which tarry newborn steps,  
 unseen by the dead-reproach of  
 footprints  
 in sand, awash we become  
 of stones, No retrace -  
 Reproach from the failure,  
 Of eternal prospect - first steps  
 return back to first time  
 - first moments

In final flee - innocence

always;

Indisposable to youth,  
 Guilts -  
 always indisposale to the innocent, rebukes of the indisposale  
 Souls escape: back to youth,  
 Innocence -  
 Mercy pleads against guilt stained time,  
 Until the oldest of the old  
 Can't get any older  
 Nor the broken anymore broken -  
 When birth anew is death, failures succeed;  
 and life ends final, when the older can't get any

older

and the last stones are cast - rough waves change  
 direction, and buoys keep waiting  
 \*

For the soul inside,  
 Seeking must always be -  
 \*

Must always wait  
 For it to be,  
 a destined  
 patience holding on,  
 or else,  
 all memories will be lost,  
 where final stones drown in the lowest  
 tides -  
 where the lowest of the lowest

can't

go any lower

**INNER**  
**CURIOSITIES**  
**OUTSIDE**



Without one another  
What can be born from each us  
Will never be

The wind knows every problem  
It's heard them all before  
    After lifting and sunning every desire into fire  
    And tempting and drowning every regret into ash  
The wind carries every question  
    To hopes parting from the whole,  
        Like unable waves in dried up oceans  
        Willing to be peeled back to every shore  
The wind knows the time when  
    Each answer gives birth to each question  
The wind has known them all before

Outside of you  
    There comes  
The strangest seduction -  
    Something out of touch  
        Through want or need -  
A newfound hope,  
    To be lost to confused directions -  
        Wrong turns right out of self  
Only leading back to  
    Dead ends  
Born inside.

Awaiting certain answers,  
You are always waiting on yourself  
    Before you discover you are only waiting on them -  
Each of them only there  
    To help you discover a piece of yourself  
        Lost in the separation

Waiting for them to show you something,  
Might you discover you are merely waiting for yourself?  
Each of us out here can only help to show you  
A piece of yourself lost from the equation.

Curiosity  
Never bores the eyes  
Nor dreads any light outside

Each absence  
Which escapes the eye  
Delivers company

Each sight that eludes  
The eye  
Remains to be seen

They feel you out  
To kill loneliness  
Like I once did

A crack of sarcasm  
    can deliver a punch to the eye  
or leave an egg on the head



## Mysteries:

Waiting on you  
     To help me find myself  
 I'm lost in you, One rib to another  
 A tear of flesh from soil yearning to return back -  
 Back from you, Where I am  
 But a part of you, Disconnected -  
 A lost sketch of perfection  
 In flesh and blood - Free-will and difference  
     amongst our shadows, sometimes connecting,  
     until light disconnects too much  
     Darkness, leaves our eyes deprived of light.

Oh how dim is the soul when its eye wanders lost in the dark,  
and what deliverance is lost without sight?  
Oh, why do we forget to lose sight of the light?

It takes light  
to show the disconnections,  
Separations  
Of thought, will and form  
all differences which are beyond the light -  
If only our eye is willing to seek it so  
Upon foundations -  
Forgiveness is bright  
And acceptance through love  
brings forgiveness to light.

I glance and try another stare into the sun -  
    But I can't keep seeing the star  
No matter how hard I try to keep seeing  
No matter how strong my will to overcome loss...

And so eventually darkness keeps each of us wondering,  
    "Why can't any of us keep our eyes on the light?"

Reflections of the moon  
-on my lips,  
    I can touch light  
I don't have to fly to stars  
    To know another  
            Worldly nature -  
Every day this nature delivers itself  
    Unto me, uncontained by form  
Reflections, as invisible as breath.

Moonlight,  
    You now kiss my lips  
And sift under my sheets!  
How you slip through windows  
    And sneak beneath locked doors,  
    After hugging mountaintops  
Before you kiss me,  
    Again,  
        Just before one more kiss is left  
    Again,  
        Just before one more glimpse of stardust  
        Finds itself fallen between  
Curtains drawn open  
To the heavens.

The dog just lifted his leg

And left something you didn't want on your lawn

But you didn't complain,

Instead you only said how cute the dog was as it sniffed out

An escape from the yard - a brown form left -

Final reminders:

of fallen arrows from heaven,

and brown tails waving in the eye -

of farewells into each moment with lessons

clinging, along each unsuspecting footstep -

reminders to always watch where we step

beneath perils, arising at the dusk of their

warnings

upon perils, buried in the dawning of their hind

sights -

Forgotten questions and answers -

Affront if found,

Sealed within hidden footprints of wisdoms

relearned,

After all unclean destinies are washed away,

and all bad memories are seduced, forgotten-

Reasons why ugly offerings falter before beauty

Answers, all best reduced by their innocence -

Known

silences kept far away from their dangers; mistakes

in questions Torn - Anew joy, after every soul's back step

is avenged

where beauty from ugliness is

reborn.

It's a wonder  
Dirt  
Still exists -  
Dirt  
Never dies  
Never gets removed  
even after we wash  
our feet and hands clean  
with bubbles.

Rocks, a sight, waves birthing bubbles  
Bubbles are the water's only eyes  
Going afloat, only where old bubbles die  
Bubbles full of breath, as countless as stars in the sky  
All of the eye's marvel but a showcase,  
Nature's living proof of existence, before death banishes all  
Fleeing consciousness back into its prison; Bubbles are the water's only  
eyes  
Reborn after they die, We are,  
Each, a bubble born of Man, full of breath  
Born of God's reason why

An hour to the flower  
Is an eternity  
To winter.



**INNER**  
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Through the curious eye  
    and mind  
Senryu bonds  
    Our inner world  
To the outside

Spring time  
Two birds chirp on a pole -  
Squirrel nibbles nuts on a clothesline -  
Who's that?

White butterfly  
In the wind

Tough choice -  
Butterfly  
Can't make up its mind  
between blue skies  
and green leaves

Curious salamander in the sun  
Looks at me -  
Does pushups,  
Thinks I'm drill sergeant

Spider web  
Curious knats swarm-  
Hope moves legs

Green cactus -  
has only one curious position  
on the state of the world -  
Don't move!

So much is going on  
in the world.

There's proof:  
Eight spider eyes watch

Two butterflies  
    In the air  
Keep looking for something  
    Beyond themselves

Wild night in the yard  
    My empty wine bottle -  
Knats spin dizzy over it  
Knats in the air  
    Love to see  
The world spin around

Empty springtime sky  
Birds, knats and butterflies are gone -  
It's time to eat!

The fly appears  
in my kitchen -  
he knows  
it's lunchtime!

Sun disembarks night  
Earth calls to twilight stars  
Looking for a mate

Owl hoots east, another hoots west  
Silence of moving on alone  
-No reply from east



Full moon in blue sky  
    Hummingbird on rusted iron rod  
Tilts head to see me

Three breadcrumbs on wall  
    Sunbathe in noon paradise -  
Full moon sneaks a glance

My eyes catch a sight  
    Hummingbird circles over  
Wonders who I am

"I am who I am  
Just the same as you are bird  
Just as curious."

But who are we all  
In this most curious place of flesh  
Blind of self and truth?

Open eyes and ears  
Absorb  
The nature of things

Hummingbird loves me  
Sits on palm tree and flies back  
\*  
Curiosity calls us  
back to nature

Full moon in black sky  
    Hummingbird eyes the palm tree  
Lifts wings to leave

Feathers on the grass  
    Nature is never alone  
Anywhere in destiny.

Grains of desert sand  
Beneath puddles  
Master the monsoon

Grains of desert sand  
Beneath puddles  
Breed tomorrow's green stem

Wind blowing  
    Red leaves in the air -  
Palm trees wave farewell  
    To summer peace

A reflection in your window -  
    Snowflakes wave  
Farewell to summer

Wood cripples ice  
    Death's thirst is hard to quench  
Everything can burn

Water's stolen clothes  
Soil recedes roots  
Thirsty bamboo bones

It's a miracle  
Seeds, stems, and fruit,  
Born of absence in soil

The footprint  
on your grave  
is your shadow  
on the sun



The shadow of a fly  
upon wrinkles -  
Dead skin

A drop of rain  
    Into the sun  
Is an ocean  
    Flooding the universe

A butterfly  
    On the tongue  
Is a spider  
    Without hunger

It's their first time in a trash can  
Two rats dying arm in arm – still alive,  
until each last breath of life  
is inhaled by the nearby cat  
Happy in rest.

Imagine now,  
A chocolate chip  
Trapped in winter  
Slowly defrosting  
In cookie sand,  
Just before  
Dreading its death  
Those two cookies  
At the edge of a bag  
Face two lips -  
And then suddenly  
One cookie disappears  
Into the mouth  
Where desire devours its own existence.

Measured by time  
The skinny  
and fat man  
weigh the same

Daisy petals and a rose  
    She plucks a smile`  
Knowing I watch her

Pharaoh eyes she has,  
    Timeless secrets blinding silence -  
Curiosity is proof of  
    hidden answers

Sun's light is grace  
I blink again!

Such are sparkling blessings of holy water -  
Pennies can jump well to well  
Only if the hopes and dreams of your heart  
Cast each wish without greed

Seeds mother  
The father of tomorrow's fruit



Your fork  
    In the potato  
Is a pitchfork  
    In the earth

The dead rat  
    In your yard  
Is the dead flesh  
    In your skin

Where does an orange get its color?  
The same place  
Every day finds its hour

Dawn  
A daydream's curious endowment  
Until sunset